predominance, Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an enforst obedience of planitary influence, and all that wee are euill in, by a diuine thrusting on, an admirable euasion of whoremaster man, to lay his gotish disposition to the charge of Starres: my Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my natiuitie was vnder *Vrsa maior*, so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous, Fut, I should haue beene that I am, had the maidenlest starre of the Firmament twinckled on my bastardy

ar *Edgar*; and out hee comes like the Catastrophe of the old Comedy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a sith like them of Bedlam; O these eclipses doe portend these diuisions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what serious contemplation are you in?

Bast. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these Eclipses.

Edg. Doe you busie your selfe about that?

Bast. I promise you the effects he writ of, succeed vnhappily, as of vnnaturalnesse betweene the child and the parent, death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, diuisions in state, menaces and maledictions against King and nobles, needles diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of Cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you beene a sectary Astronomicall?

Bast. Come, come, when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gon by.

Bast. Spake you with him?

Edg. Two houres together.

Bast. Parted you in good tearmes? found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Bast. Bethinke your selfe wherein you may haue offended him, and at my intreatie, forbeare his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischiefe, of your parson it would scarce allay.

Edg. Some villaine hath done me wrong.

Bast. Thats my feare brother, I aduise you to the best, goe arm'd, I am no honest man if there bee any good meaning towards

wards you, I haue told you what I haue seene & heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it, pray you away?

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?

Bast. I doe serue you in this busines: *Exit Edgar*

A credulous Father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty
My practises ride easie, I see the busines,
Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can fashion fit. *Exit.*

Enter Gonorill and Gentleman.

Gon. Did my Father strike my gentleman for chiding of his foole?

Gent. Yes Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me,
Euery houre he flashes into one grosse crime or other
That sets vs all at ods, ile not indure it,
His Knights grow ryotous, and him selfe obrayds vs,
On euery trifell when he returnes from hunting,
I will not speake with him, say I am sicke,
If you come slacke of former seruices,
You shall doe well, the fault of it ile answere.

Gent. Hee's coming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what wearie negligence you please, you and your fellow seruants, i'de haue it come in question, if he dislike it, let him to our sister, whose mind and mine I know in that are one, not to be ouerruld; idle old man that still would manage those authorities that hee hath giuen away, now by my life old fooles are babes again, & must be vs'd with checkes as flatteries, when they are seene abusd, remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder looks among you, what growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes so, I would breed from hence 'occasions, and I shall, that I may speake, ile write straight to my sister to hould my very course, goe prepare for dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Kent.

Kent, If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my speech

 defuse,